

A SAILOR APOSTLE

BY FRANK T. BULLEN

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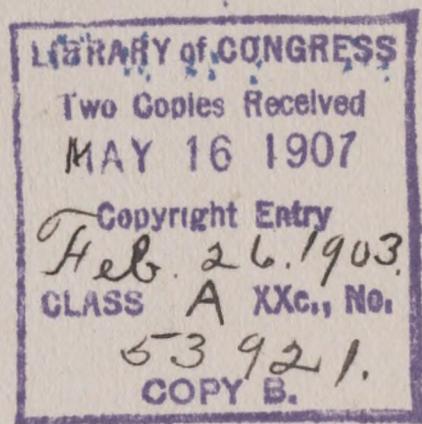
FRANK T. BULLEN

AUTHOR OF "THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT"



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A SAILOR APOSTLE.

ON the homeward passage from Port Pirie, in the big windjammer "Auckland," Jem White and Aleck Boothroyd became quite chummy. And no wonder, for Jem was one of those good fellows who, by some strange arrangement of circumstances, are all alone in the great world with hearts aching for the things that most of us prize so little; and Aleck was a young man, with a good home and plenty of friends, who had persisted in going to sea, but fortunately had never lost his love for home and all that the blessed word means. Therefore, when during their watch on deck at night, when neither had wheel nor look-out, Aleck poured into Jem's greedy ears interminable stories of his boyish days in Batley and its neighborhood, dwelt with thickened voice upon the way in which the taciturn father and sharp-tongued mother just

surrounded their brood with a sea of love, all the while after the quaint Yorkshire fashion, simulating coldness or indifference. Jem listened breathlessly, glad of the darkness that concealed an occasional tear, and now and then sighing, “Ah, I never know nothing like that. How could ye leave it an’ come here?”

Then would Aleck take up another thread, and draw on his stores of memory for pictures of the dales and moors in summer, the down-leaping streams and the busy valleys, where the hum of myriad looms, in their ramparts of massy stone, sing ever the song of Britain’s greatness among the stations through the industry and perseverance of her sons and daughters. And as if he knew that these pictures needed perspective, he told also of the chapels, the choirs, the Sunday-schools, and how religion supplied the recreative side, until it was plain that no man or woman need fall back on unlawful pleasures from sheer hunger of heart, as so many do in less favored countries.

Naturally Aleck’s pictures were incomplete, because for one thing he was not yet a Christian,

and therefore could only look upon the matter from the worldly or utilitarian side, and for another he had, thanks to his parents, led a sheltered life, and his knowledge of evil was therefore limited. Let me not be misunderstood. I do not mean that an experimental knowledge of evil is essential in order to a proper presentation of the Gospel with its advantages — God forbid, since that would be preaching that all may do evil that good may come; but it would certainly seem axiomatic to say that no man save he who has been burnt can give a just estimate of the effects of fire. But what Aleck failed in poor Jem supplied. He had known from earliest infancy only the seamy side of life. Of love, that essence of the Highest, he had known nothing. He had been loved — that goes without saying — by God, who chooses His instruments where He will, and surrounds them with His wardens until in due time they carry out His behests, but Jem was unconscious of this. He only knew that a story of oppression, of unkindness, or, on the other hand, of tenderness, love, and forethought for the helpless,

always made his heart swell, and his eyes brim, but he did not know why. So that he was really ripe for the operation Aleck was unconsciously performing upon him — that of letting the light of love shine into his mind by telling him of its operations personally experienced. It was all so new and strange and beautiful to poor Jem. He was no reader; alas, he could hardly read, and so the false sentiment and unnatural situations of the modern story had not spoiled him, neither had he become sceptical of good in the world because he had hitherto been hardly conscious of its existence.

By the time the “Auckland” reached Hull, Aleck had become so impressed by his shipmate’s fervor of belief and anxiety to see the scene of so much loving kindness, that he exacted a very willing promise from Jem that he would accompany him home to Batley, and instead of spending his pay-day among the purlieus of Hull, seeking pleasure and finding only pain, he would come and put in a month among the lovely Yorkshire dales, to taste and see for himself if these things were so. The prospect

so delighted the twain that although the rest of the passage was coarse, cold, and miserable, they hardly noticed it in the joy of anticipation. And when at last comfortably seated in an L. & Y. train they were bowling merrily westward, I doubt whether in Great Britain could be found two happier young men than Aleck and Jem.

During the flood of talk as they journeyed, Jem accidentally mentioned that he had once spent the best part of a year cruising to and fro between Sydney, N.S.W., and the New Hebrides in a trading schooner, and that he had learned what might almost be called the Lingua Franca of the Pacific, a curious mixture of Polynesian tongues that will carry a man almost anywhere over that mighty ocean with the certainty that he will be sufficiently well understood to get his wants supplied and be fairly well treated in the bargain, unless his hosts happen to have a war on their hands. This was mightily interesting to Aleck, for one of the most vivid recollections of his childhood was the way in which missionary enterprise, and especially among the South Seas, was taken up and cherished by all

whom he knew, principally his own immediate family circle and relatives. And he hugged himself at the thought that here was actually a man who could tell stories of those far-off islands at first hand, stories which he knew would be listened to with the most intense interest by all at home.

So the journey to Batley passed all too swiftly, each of the young men being filled with keenest appreciation of his surroundings, and absorbing enjoyment as a dry sponge absorbs moisture. But when at last they drew up to the door of Aleck's home, and mother and sisters pounced upon the dear returned one, the sight made poor Jem feel desperately down-hearted for the moment. For it revealed to him his own heart-hunger, his own desperate desire for such love as he saw being lavished upon his friend, and the apparent impossibility of it ever being his. The good mother was, of course, the first to notice his wistful look, and immediately, her heart going out to the lonely man, she set herself to give him a welcome almost as warm as her son's, and succeeded so

well, too, that by the time father and the boys came home from the mill, Jem was as much at home as a member of the family. Aleck drew him out, and his yarns followed one another with easy flow, while mother and daughters listened raptly, and Aleck glowed with pride at his own cleverness in bringing home such an addition to the family circle.

Then, when father and the boys had added their quota to the Yorkshire welcome, followed high tea, with two hungry sailors unhindered by shyness to eat of it. Let us draw a veil over the proceedings, only hinting at the delight with which mother pressed the good food upon the pair, exclaiming every now and then, “Eh, puir laads, ye mun ha’ been a’most clemmed t’ death.” Tea over, Aleck was reminded by his father that it was the mid-week service night and that there was to be a committee of the whole church present afterwards to discuss arrangements for a mission fortnight — a general campaign against the forces of evil by all the Free Churches of Batley and the vicinity. “An’ tha knaws, laad,” said the sturdy old man, “that the good

owd Methody Church mun be in t' foregrund o' a baattle like this. We mun be all at th' enemy and allus at him, as graand owd John Wesley was hissen."

Much more father said to the same purport as they were going chapelwards, to all of which Jem listened as in a kind of dream, understanding indeed the words but not their import, yet so pleased with all that was passing as to go whithersoever his friends led him with a glad submissiveness very pleasant to see, especially remembering the paths wherein he had been led aforetime. So, still in that pleasant hazy state of mind, Jem reached the spacious sensible stone building which, as in so many other towns of our North Country, the fervent spirits of the worshippers had reared, not as temples of art to testify to the outward reality of their religion, but as meeting-places where, secure from the inclemency of the weather, brother and sister in the Lord might meet together to speak often one with another of the great things of God. No meretricious adornment met Jem's eye, nothing to distract his attention from the supreme busi-

ness in hand, and presently he found himself with a hymn-book in his hand standing up, listening, while his heart pumped scalding tears of delight down his tanned face, to a Yorkshire congregation singing, “O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.”

Is there any need of sculpture or painting or architecture to solemnize the senses during the worship of God while we have congregational praise? A gathering of people in a desert singing the Old Hundredth psalm can, if emotionalism be the object, far outweigh all merely material objects, and does in a divinely sanctioned way lift the earnest soul to the Celestial Courts. Poor Jem felt this (I don’t know why I call him “poor” except as a term of affection), and stood choking, longing to join in, but unable from ignorance of the words. Having a truly musical ear, he soon got hold of the tune. And then the prayer. Figure to yourself, if you can, this young man’s mind. Intelligent, percipient, warm-hearted; deeply spiritual without knowing it, never having heard a man pray, for the performances of the chaplain at the work-house

where his most plastic years were passed were a shame and scandal, not merely to good reading but to honest gentlemanly behavior, as much so indeed as the awful travesty of worship one hears in the Chapels of St. Peter's at Rome.

Think of him, then, suddenly introduced to the communion of man with God in very truth, of a conversation carried on between man and his Maker by invitation, and with a sense of reality no external aid could procure, and you will get a faint idea of Jem's mental condition at this time. He felt the tears still streaming down and wondered why, with one corner of his brain, in a strange, impersonal way. But gradually his emotion became controllable, and he was able to listen with all his native intelligence at work to the old sweet words that to so many of us, alas, have become almost meaningless by much repetition. Happily the pastor was a man to whom that of which he was speaking was the only absolutely vital thing in the world, a man without oratorical gifts or any extraordinary amount of scholastic learning, but a man who spoke what he did know and testi-

fied to what he had seen with a transparent sincerity that seemed as if it must convince the most sceptical.

Well, when the party went home that night Jem walked as one in a dream. There had been no mission sermon preached, and consequently the full glory of the plan of salvation had not broken in upon him, but (and should it not always be so?) Mr. Lethbridge, the preacher, was just brimming over with the spirit of Christ, so in whatever he said, wherever he said it, there was the savor of the Great Sacrifice, a suggestion of the Light that coming into the world lighteth every man whose eyes are opened. And Jem felt this, he could not have told anybody why, but he felt that he was just upon the threshold of a great discovery, and it awed him into an almost strained silence. So much so that his dear motherly hostess feared that shyness had seized upon him again and exerted herself to remove it, while Aleck was filled with concern, for he had never seen his chum like this before and did not know what to do about it. At last the time for retiring came, and, as

the Boothroyds' house was no whit larger than sufficient for their own needs, a room had been taken for Jem in a widow's house near by. To this he was conducted by Aleck, the good-nights spoken, and he was left alone — instantly realizing that this was what he had wanted — to come apart and meditate upon the strange, beautiful things he had heard about that day.

For a long time he sat gazing at vacancy, a phrase of the parson's prayer repeating itself over and over again in his mind: "Jesus, constant companion, ever-present Friend," his hungry heart feeding upon the thought that this, which blindly he had been craving for so long, needing so deeply, was a fact, a tremendous certainty. Presently, as by an overmastering impulse, he slid off his chair on to his knees and said, as if knowingly addressing a present person: "Jesus, let a poor chap that's never had any friends or relations have you. I feel such a fool. I can't understand but a very little of what I've heard, but feel sure I should be able to if you told me yourself. Let me see you, let me know you, let me have you for my

Friend that won't ever let me be lonely any more."

Prayer such as that never went unanswered yet, and Jem White rose from his knees in conscious fellowship with Christ, with no feeling of dissatisfaction because with mortal eyes he could not see, with actual arms he could not embrace his Lord, and with his sense of loneliness gone forevermore.

May I just in passing, even at the risk of being thought prosy, anticipate any objections that may arise as to the probability of conversion like this, by saying that it is undoubtedly the case that the Elder Brother does often reveal himself to a ready soul with but the slightest amount of human intervention. And thrice blessed are those whom He thus makes alive, for He will surely go on to educate, to prepare the new man for the work He wants him to do.

When in the morning Jem presented himself at the Boothroyd's breakfast table according to arrangement, Aleck stared at him amazedly. It was the same man, — there could be no doubt of that, — but that light in the eye, that conscious

air of freedom, that indescribable expression of the combined elements of love, joy, peace pervading the manly features, whence were they derived? If ever man was puzzled, Aleck was. Not so his father. Christopher Boothroyd knew the signs full well both by experience and observation, and his grip of Jem's hand was warm and clinging, while all his big soul looked out of his eyes at the new Man. But I must hurry on. It would be a delightful task to tell of that mission week at Batley and Jem's part in it. How the missioner, being wise as well as holy, sternly discountenanced the smallest approach to artificial fervor, or superficial professions of heart—change not warranted by observed fact—how he grappled Jem to his heart and kept him laboring joyfully—oh, yes, it would make a stirring tale. But alas, it cannot be. For Jem, at the expiration of the fortnight, suddenly started from what had seemed to him just a heavenly dream and declared that off to sea he must go. He had given so liberally of his earnings to the cause, that he found himself running short of cash, and anxious above all things to

be of good report, he determined to return to sea as speedily as might be. Every argument that could be employed by his friends was used. Aleck pointed out to him that he, Aleck, was going to settle down ashore. Polly Boothroyd, the eldest daughter, went as far as maidenly reserve permitted in letting him see how glad it would make her to have him stay with them for “a full due ;” but no: a power he could not resist was dragging him back to his vocation and no man might hinder him.

So it came to pass that one week after the close of the Mission services at Batley, Jem, loaded with keepsakes of many kinds, strode steadfastly down to the quay in Hull docks where lay the “fine British-built barque ‘Rosalmond’ for Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, with quick despatch.” Just a little concession to the flesh he made as he stepped into her foul and filthy to’-gallant fo’c’sle in the shape of a shudder of disgust and a sigh of self-pity. Why, had these not been his normal surroundings all his working life ? Yes, but fellowship with the Most High is the most elevating and

ennobling of all influences, and it is a commonplace with those who have known many converted men and women, that the first noticeable effect that this spiritual change has upon them is a keen desire for cleanliness and decency externally as well as internally, — a mysterious desire to obey the command, “Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord,” even though they may never have read the passage. But that small toll paid to human weakness, Jem set about putting his bunk shipshape, arranging his gear, and knocking up nails and beackets. Then as there was still no sign of departure, not even the arrival of one of his shipmates, he turned to and cleaned the fo’c’sle out. It was grand exercise, and the mate, peeping in to see what the splashing of water might mean, stepped back in astonishment, muttering: “Vot for a loonatic ve haf got heear?” (He was a German.) However, Jem was not interfered with in his labor of love, and when at last the crew did condescend to come on board — at the last moment, of course — he was lying calmly in his bunk spelling out the blessed words of the fifth

chapter of Matthew. One by one they tumbled into the fo'c'sle, all comfortably oblivious, through drink, of their surroundings. Yet strangely enough none failed to notice that the fo'c'sle was clean. It was their lurid commentary upon this unfamiliar phenomenon that first jarred upon Jem. He was quite prepared for their being drunk — nay, he found himself — one side of his brain wondering why he was n't shocked instead — laughing at some of their uncouth gambols. But to hear God requested to strike the speaker dead, to hear Jesus, His name, mingled familiarly with commonplace dirt made him physically ill. And this in itself was a revelation, because it had never troubled him before, being his daily language, his daily atmosphere of conversation ever since he first went to sea.

There is nothing amid all the mountainous mass of evidence, real or assumed, for or against the varieties of Christianity that is more striking than this — that in a day, an hour, life-long habits are changed: the loved becomes abhorred, and the mud-grovelling human hog becomes the

confidant of the King of Glory. Let who will gainsay it, the human documents are on record everywhere, and will ever be beyond contradiction.

Oh, what a night that was ; the departure from Hull with but one man really fit for service. But that man was preëminently fit, and strange as it may appear, his example, his cheerful voice so wrought upon the poor sodden ones that without mishap of any kind the "Rosalmond" was got well into the North Sea, watches were set, and the voyage begun.

From henceforward Jem's life was what most of us would have thought a martyrdom without the crowning mercy. Yet was it not without its consolations, for although he was often driven out into the cold darkness, when he should have been resting his weary body, by the terrible foulness and ribaldry of the speech below, he always found that whenever any pain or mental trouble assailed any of his shipmates he was sought for to administer consolation. By the side of a man like this, what becomes of the legendary, pusillanimous, and always myth-

ical saints of the Roman Church? Yet as far as human knowledge goes, he did not succeed in bringing into the fold of God one member of the crew. Although, after the way of the world, eager enough to avail themselves of his company and sympathetic counsel when in need, all of them seemed ready to combine at a moment's notice to jeer at and revile him. And they did not know that his inward conflict was hardest of all. For his conscience was so tender that even the momentary flash of anger at his persecutors, the resentment at being put by the weak officers to all the worst work because of his docility, the sense of weariness felt occasionally at having no kindred soul with whom to exchange holy thoughts, gave him acute pain, made him sometimes mourn: "How long, O Lord, how long?"

One hundred and thirty-four days elapsed, and in some hazy way all hands forward knew that their ship was in the South Pacific, and not a great way, as sailors reckon distance, from some of the island groups that stud that wonderful ocean. More than that they could

not know, for after the bad old fashion which prevailed (and still does in the old type of ship), they were kept in darkest ignorance of her whereabouts. But she plodded wearily along, blue sky overhead, blue sea below, day succeeding day without incident, amid an incessant rumble of growling from the fo'c'sle at food and ship and officers, punctuated at intervals by Jem-baiting. Then came a night when the heavens grew black, the sea took on an unearthly light and a sulphurous stench. Lamberent flames of electricity played about the old ship as she tumbled uneasily in an undecided sea. Terror stalked among the crew, and voices were hushed. One by one they came, like Nicodemus, to talk to Jem, whose spiritual stature rose in that dread hour to its full earthly height. He became to their frightened hearts a rock of refuge, and his steadfast soul dealt out to them a rich measure of his own inalienable joy. All that men could do had been done—it was not much, for most of the gear being old and worn had been ripped from the yards and stays by the first fierce blast of the hurricane,

and the bare masts and yards stuck up through the blackness like withered trees stripped of their dry leaves by the snarling breath of winter.

Onward through that elemental strife the hapless vessel drove, her crew just enduring blindly, unknowing at times whether they were above or beneath the tormented sea, except for the tremendous voice of the storm. Fear clutched every heart in its icy grip, — all but one. Jem alone felt a strange exultation, a sense of sublime participation with the Power in whose Almighty hand lay the source of the storm, a serene confidence in the wisdom directing its terrible course, a perfect satisfaction with his own position. Yet at the same time, he felt an intense sympathy with, and pity for, his terror-smitten shipmates, and a devouring desire to bring them into the peace so bountifully granted to himself. So he communed with his Friend in silence, not asking ought for himself, for he felt that all his needs were supplied, but entreating that these unhappy ones might yet be saved.

Only the revelation of final things can tell us whether his prayer was answered. His last

sensation before passing into oblivion was of profoundest peace, immediately following upon a shock so terrific that in it all matter seemed to be disintegrated.

Gradually, painfully, and laboriously, life came back to a cast-up body upon a shining beach in the full glare of the sun. Near that quiet form the little waves sang soothingly, rippling so gently over the immaculate sand, sea-birds hovered over it curiously, and occasionally a crab, in amazing tangle of legs and claws, approached it, sidling dubiously, with many a tack, to and fro. Presently, as if in a spasm of pain, the cracked lips unclosed, a deep sigh issued, the salt-encrusted eyelids were raised, and Jem, alive and sole survivor of those who had endured last night's terrors in the "Rosamond," sat up and gazed wonderingly around as his scattered wits straggled back to their home. Then as recollection ensued, he lifted his face heavenward and said simply, "Thank God. He's saved me for something, I know, though I'd rather have stayed at home if I c'd have had my own way. He knows best though, I'm sure."

As these thoughts coursed through his mind, a little group of naked, savage-looking forms emerged from the tangle of greenery and down-hurled trees skirting the beach. With infinite caution they approached the sitting man, spears and clubs upraised to strike. And a few moments more would have seen the just-returned life dashed from Jem's battered body, but that in some mysterious way he became conscious of the nearness to him of human beings, and turning he held up both his hands, saying quietly, "Ofa, Ofa." The salutation, akin to the Eastern "Salaam," and the Sandwich Islands "Aloha," was not quite in their dialect, but these almost nude savages understood, and dropping their weapons came hurriedly to him, surrounding him and plying him with questions. He only grasped the meaning of an occasional word, and could only reply in such phrases as he remembered of the language he once spoke fairly well, but it was sufficient to keep his visitors from summarily despatching him; sufficient to induce them to take him before their chief.

That was a notable interview. Surrounded by hundreds of naked savages, both male and female, watching his every movement with a curiosity beyond the power of words to describe, he took the food offered him calmly and gratefully. But before eating, according to his never-varying custom, he bowed his head upon his hands and silently gave thanks to the Giver. The savages, keenly observant of every movement, as is their invariable habit, hushed their chatter instantly. What was the "papalang" (white man) doing? Why did he hide his face? As soon as he looked up again torrents of questionings broke forth on every hand, but the chief, with grave consideration for his guest, gave a few curt orders, which were instantly obeyed, and silence as profound as that of a calm at sea reigned while Jem satisfied his healthy hunger upon baked yams, fowl cooked in an earthen oven till bone was hardly distinguishable from flesh, so soft and succulent had the whole body become, and unripe cocoanuts flowing with sweet water, or milk as we call it. His meal ended, he again gave thanks,

wiped his fingers on the leaves plentifully scattered around him for the purpose, gave a happy sigh of satisfaction, and faced his host smilingly, prepared to talk.

Then the babel of queries burst forth anew, but again the chief came to the rescue. Silencing the clamor by a few dignified words, and constituting himself the spokesman of the crowd, he said to Jem :

“ Why, before eating, do you lower your head and cover your face ? ”

“ Because I must needs thank God for providing me with what I cannot live without.”

“ What is God ? ”

Reader, pity Jem. Burning to tell, yet unable to find a word. Conscious of his ignorance even among people speaking his language — but here, able only to speak in monosyllables and by signs, yet called upon to define God ! But Jem possessed the talisman of prayer in that supreme degree only vouchsafed to those who forgetting their years become as little children, and so he lifted his anxious face skywards saying : “ O God, make me able to tell them who you are.”

Immediately there burst forth from the crowd a sort of dignified wail: "He speaks to Taiaroa. He talks with the high God (Atuas). What manner of man is this whom the sea gods have cast up to dwell among us? Let us worship him." And as if bowed by one impulse, the whole crowd bent forward with a swaying movement crying: "Hail to the sea-born servant of the gods! Hail to him who comes to bless the people of this land!"

But Jem, who had only a short while ago laboriously spelled through that wonderful account of the tragic scene at Lystra when Paul and Barnabas were taken for gods, sprang to his feet, and with an impulse that the latent side of his brain wondered at, thundered forth a denunciation of the wickedness of giving unto men the praise and worship due to the most High God. Words welled up from his heart, words that he could not remember ever having known before, but now just suited to his great need. And with them, as with a two-edged sword, he smote the hearts of the children of nature before him. Need we assume a miracle

here? I think not. For as the sensitive plate in the camera reveals stars invisible to mortal eye, so does the far more sensitive plate of the brain reproduce, given the requisite stimulus, words and thoughts received almost, if not quite, unconsciously, in by-gone years. I once heard a Kanaka who previously had been accounted the most stupid of our crew, the only one unable to learn even a few words of English, under the influence of drink deliver himself of a long discourse in English, making his auditors laugh consumedly, but stare and gasp between whiles. I only quote this experience to show how needless it is to assign every non-understandable happening, just because it is connected with Christian work, to the miraculous. I do most firmly believe that the Infinite Power never alters the incidence of His laws, natural or supernatural, unless there is the gravest need. And it is a moot point, considering how vast is our ignorance of even natural laws, whether He who laid them down ever finds it necessary to alter them at all.

At any rate Jem stood up before the assem-

bled crowd of savages and told them, if not in their own language, in words which they could grasp, the story of Jesus. "That sweet story of old," in all its bright simplicity, told to a primitive audience who had never heard it before. Told, too, bereft of all pseudo-priestly assumptions and extravagances. Told by a simple, saved sinner, saved by immediate contact with the Source of Life, the Son of Man, the King of Glory. Are there not many of us would gladly lay down our lives for such an opportunity as that?

Far into the night the wonderful news was discussed, until Jem, having sat down in his place, fell asleep immediately, and was carefully covered and left to slumber peacefully. Men and women sat at their hut doors and spoke one to another of the coming of God in Christ Jesus. Coming poor and homeless and hungry and weary because most of mankind were like that. Coming with a full knowledge of and a perfect detestation of priestly forms, ceremonies, and interventions. Coming in such simple wise that no man or woman, foolish and ignorant to the

border line between insanity and sense, could fail to understand the message of salvation to every creature.

As day succeeded day Jem's task grew heavier and heavier. But so grew his delight in it. He gloried in the way his Lord had chosen for him. All things else were forgotten in the delight of imprinting upon these plastic minds the intense beauty, use, and reward of the Christian verities. Only he *did* long for a Bible. Naturally, but oh, how God is able to make up deficiencies! There is no book like that Bible, but if a man whom God hath touched has no Bible and no memory, God is able and willing and anxious to make up that great loss to him as no one else could possibly do. (Forgive me for applying these adjectives to God.)

My story draws to a close. Jem's ministrations (for want of a better word) continued for a space of two years. Never once did he say a word condemnatory of the island's customs, hideously evil though they were, for he had grasped the knowledge that, while you cannot

push out the dark, the entrance of light will dispel it by virtue of its own inherent properties. So he went on telling of Jesus. And I believe that the Son of Man in invisible glory came down and inspired Jem to present Him faithfully to those unclothed humans in that far-away unconsidered corner of earth. Yes, and doubtless He stimulated Jem's memory, too, for he sang them hymns only heard by him in Batley before, but now mysteriously remembered as to words and tune. So that the hills and vales of that beautiful group of islands re-echoed "Wrestling Jacob," and "Jesus, Lover," and many another old favorite of militant Christians the world over — God bless them !

Then came the end. Or was it the beginning ? "God moves in a mysterious way," and although it may be inexplicable to us, it is probably true that it was but the beginning of Jem's *real* work. He went down to the sea to bathe with a host of his friends, all happy, all clean-minded, all worshipping God. And they swam out through the thundering surf, hundreds of them, each carrying a little flat board upon which he

or she would presently come flying shorewards, carried in triumph by a mighty wave. Jem was an adept at the sport, loving it as one who knew the connection between *mens sana in corpore sano*. But on this occasion he missed his board at the twelfth return. The vast breaker immediately became his enemy, and twirling him like a leaf in its clutch, dashed his head against a stone protruding from the beach, and spilt out the mortal life. Weep not, sigh not for Jem, great, blessed, happy Jem! Called to a higher ministry :

" This common sailor, thus uncommon grown,
His work allotted done, has gone to see
The Glory of the Lord he loved, with opened e'e.
From henceforth nought shall vex him; not a groan
Or sigh from laboring souls he loved to own
As kinsmen. On the great celestial sea
He sails. From all his hindrances set free,
His name engraven on the great white stone.

" Oh, trembling worker for the loving Lord,
Take heart of grace, there is no need for fear,
Since He who ruleth all girds on thy sword,
And gives thee proof that He is ever near.
Rest thou in Him, Jem's spoken, living Word,
And He shall bring thee Home without a tear."

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